THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PRAYER.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
  Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
  Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
  The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
  Into our hearts, that we may be as one—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with him, our Brother, and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free,
To follow Truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! Clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord—
  Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
  We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

—John White Chadwick.

THE PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

ASPIRATION.

Lord grant us wills to trust thee with such aim
Of hope and passionate craving of desire
That we may mount aspiring, and aspire
Still while we mount, rejoicing in thy name,
Yesterday, this day, day by day the same.
So sparks fly upward, scaling heaven by fire,
Still mount and still attain not, yet draw nigher,
While they have being, to their fountain flame.
—Christina Rossetti.

The number of women having membership in the Congregational churches of the United States is nearly twice as large as the number of men. The figures, when the last statistics were gathered, were 230,100 men, 454,222 women. In 1859 the proportion was about the same, being 73,736 men, 146,625 women. At no time during the intervening years was there other than a slight change.

It is worthy of note that a Japanese won the first prize at the anual oratorical contest in the University of Michigan this year. His subject was: "The Mission of New Japan." Last year this same student won the second prize with an oration on "The Sick Man of Asia and His Doctors." This Oriental, Mr. Kiyo Inui, has for several summers made a lecture tour through Michigan and adjoining States, speaking generally on some phase of the Eastern question. In the oratorical contest in the University this year there were six contestants, representing the various classes in the literary and law departments. More and more, year by year, is it becoming evident that this world was not created for the white man only.

In the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church of Roanoke, Virginia, which is composed of colored people, a memorial window to General Thomas Jackson, known generally as Stonewall Jackson, was unveiled recently. The money for the window was contributed by colored people. The services at the time of the unveiling were largely attended by both white and colored people, and addresses were made by some of the leading white citizens of Roanoke. The father and mother of the patsor, the Rev. L. L. Downing, were members of a Sunday-school class of negro slaves taught by Jackson at Lexington, Virginia, before the war. For many years Mr. Downing has been desirous of paying tribute to Jackson, the great Confederate General, and to this end planned and brought to completion the memorial window. A picture of this window sets forth the camping of an army on the banks of a river, and inscribed thereon are General Jackson's last words, spoken in the delirium of his last hours, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees." General Jackson was a very devout man. It has been said of him that he never went into battle without prayer to God in behalf of the cause for which he and his people were battling. He was accidentally shot by his own men while reconnoiterng at the battle of Chancellorsville. When told a few days later that he could not recover, he said: "Very good, very good; it is all right." When told that the whole army was praying for him, he said: "Thank God, they are very kind." And then he added: "It is the Lord's Day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday." The name "Stonewall' came to him at the battle of Bull Run. A gallant charge made by a New York regiment under General Slocum had shattered the Confederate line. Jackson's stand, however, was so courageous and inflexible that the commanding general, in an effort to rally the fugitives, cried out: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." The attitude of the man and his troops, along with these words, had a wonderful effect; order was restored; and ever after he was known as Stonewall Jackson. In the calm light of the ensuing years the beauty and nobility of General Jackson's life have come into the knowledge and possession of the people of our re-united country, and North as well as South will be glad to know that this window in memory of him has been placed by the colored people in their church at Roanoke. May men of Stonewall Jackson's character multiply! So shall it be for the good of man and the glory of God!

THE PACIFIC COAST.

The editor of The Pacific goes this week to Oregon and Washington in the interests of the paper, expecting to be absent three weeks at least.

Congregational churches in Northern California to the number of 101 report the aggregate amount of $96,445 paid to ministers as salaries for the year 1905, an average of $950. The highest salary paid was $6,000. In Southern California 69 churches report $61,844, an average of $896. The highest salary paid in Southern California was $4,500. In Oregon 49 churches report $25,391, an average of $518. In Washington, 109 churches paid $71,271, an average of $654. In Idaho 20 churches paid $14,570, an average of $728. In Utah, 7 churches paid $9,660, an average of $1,372. In Arizona 6 churches paid $5,910, an average of $985. In Hawaii 74 paid $40,516, an average of $645. The average for the Congregational churches of the United States, so far as report was made for the Year Book, was $828.

The hearts of many people on the Pacific coast go out in sympathy to the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith and wife of China, whose son, Henry D. Smith, was drowned at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, on the 8th of August while attempting to rescue a young lady who had gone beyond her depth in the lake and could not swim. In her fright the young lady made it impossible for Mr. Smith to use his arms and both went down where they remained ten minutes before their bodies were reached and taken out. The young

man finally revived, but later in the day, he said to the nurse at his bedside, "The fight is too hard. I cannot make it," and immediately passed away. Mr. Smith was a student in Yale divinity school, preparing for missionary work in China. He was a graduate of Beloit College, and was at Lake Geneva in the interests of the college.

Ninety-eight Congregational churches in Northern California reported $215,027 contributed for home expenses during the year 1905; in Southern California 71 churches reported $167,393. In Oregon 21 reported $21,469; in Washington 116 reported $165,181; in Idaho 19 reported $17,362; the one church in Nevada reported $2,927; in Utah the figures were for 8 churches $17,270; in Arizona they were $7,458 for 6 churches; in Hawaii $41,670 for 59 churches. The benevolent contributions for the churches of Northern California were $63,718, for Southern California they were $30,942. Northern California contributed for home missions $12,460 and $10,474 for foreign; the Southern California contributions were, for the same purposes, $8,476 and $7,488; in Oregon they were $2,054 and $1,359; in Washington, $5,108 and $4,340; in Idaho, $352 and $181; in Utah, $972 and $144; in Nevada, $35 and $24; in Arizona, $207 and $101; in Hawaii, $2,427 and $1,840.

For several years the ministers in the different Protestant denominations in San Francisco and vicinity have met in union meeting once in three months. But it has been without organization. Recently a meeting was called for this week to perfect "an interdenominational ministerial organization." The movement is one to be commended. If there is any city on the continent that needs aggressive united effort it is San Francisco. Before the fire of the 18th of April there were less than 18,000 Protestant church members in San Francisco, a city of 450,000 inhabitants. At this writing we do not know what this proposed organization will aim to do; but in our opinion it ought to start out and stand for such cooperation as will make Christian effort in San Francisco more fruitful of good in the future than it has been in the past. That such an organization is widely desired is one of the promising signs of the times. Everywhere Christian people are becoming profoundly impressed as to the need for cooperation. Nothing of the kind that is very practical has come yet; but it will come, for it is God's will.

The "fifth year statistics" in the last Year Book states that 101 Congregational churches in Northern California report property valued at $1,243,950; in Southern California the figures are $709,100 for 69 churches! in Oregon $281,994 for 49 churches; in Washington $631,445 for 109 churches! in Idaho $68,950 for 20 churches; in Utah $124,500 for 7; in Arizona $38,500 for 6; in Nevada $17,000 for 1; in Hawaii $419,646 for 74 The Northern California churches report indebtedness to the amount of $47,397; those of Southern California $36,883; Oregon $22,535; Washington $34,928 Idaho $3,934; Utah $6,350; Arizona $4,200; Hawaii $3,934. The churches of Northern California, so far as reported, have invested funds to the amount of $10,943; Southern California $17,500; Oregon $1,460; Washington $1,350; Hawaii $45,000. In Northern California 43 churches receive missionary aid; in Southern California 21; Oregon 16; Washington 41; Idaho 13; Arizona 3. The number of churches in Northern California is 129; Southern 82; Oregon 58; Washington 142; Idaho 25; Utah 9; Nevada 1; Arizona 6; Hawaii 92.

In the Pacific coast group of Congregational churches there was a net gain during the year 1905 of 2,806 members. The net gain in Southern California was 1,045. This was nearly as much as the gain in Northern California and Washington together, the total for the two being 1,122. For Northern California it was 546; for Washington 576. The gain in Oregon was 286; in Hawaii 149; in Alaska 99; in Utah 96; in Nevada 23; in Arizona 11. In Idaho there was a loss of 25. The Sunday-schools had a net gain of 2,329. The gains were: Arizona 33; Northern California 838; Southern California 704; Hawaii 1,387; Washington 576; The losses were: Alaska 99; Idaho 331; Nevada 56; Oregon 900; Utah 41. These figures do not give the number of accessions to the membership of the churches, but only the net gain or loss. The number of accessions was given recently in The Pacific. They were for Southern California 1,967; for Northern 1,668; for Oregon 740; for Washington 1,594; for Hawaii 619; Idaho 156; Utah 170; Arizona 49; Nevada 28.

A conference of Christian leaders on the Pacific coast is to be held at Mt. Hermon, in the Santa Cruz mountains, from the 20th of August to the 24th. The presiding officers of the conference will be President McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary and the Rev. Dr. Brush, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Alameda. Among the subjects for conference will be "The Present Evangelistic Opportunity." The leader in the consideration of this will be the Rev. Dr. Bell of the United Presbyterian Church of San Francisco. The Rev. Dr. Dille of the First Methodist Church of Oakland will lead in the consideration of the subject, "Co-operation of Christian Forces;" and the Rev. Dr. Adams of San Francisco in "The Problems of Reconstruction in Central California." Present movements and tendencies in church federation will have consideration. The Rev. Dr. Nichols, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, will speak on "The Kingdom and Patience of Christ;" Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church, on "The Message and the Messenger;" and the Rev. L. J. Sawyer of the Baptist Church of San Francisco, on "The Pastor Evangelist." This conference will be held opportunely, and it is to be hoped will result in much good for the cause of Christ in this part of California.

The Pacific Methodist Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is a long-time publication on this coast. It is now in its 53rd year and has been published in San Francisco since its inception. Two weeks ago it was increased from sixteen to twenty-four pages in order to meet the increasing needs and demands of the Southern Methodist Church in the Pacific coast district. For many years the paper has had a subsidy of $2,000 a year. At the last general conference, which met in May, this was increased to $2,500 a year—$10,000 for the quadrennium. This has made it possible for the Rev. W. E. Vaughan, the editor and manager, to make such improvements as never fail to delight the heart of every editor who is devoted to his profession. We congratulate Mr. Vaughan and the readers of The Pacific Methodist Advocate on these improvements, on the excellence of the reading matter, and on the fine appearance of the paper in general. Evi-

dently the people of the Southern Methodist Church on these shores are not only preparing to go forward, but are actually in movement. The church paper is one of the things by which denominational conditions are gauged. One can tell to considerable extent what a town or city is by a study of its newspapers. So also can the religious status be measured quite accurately by the support which is accorded the various agencies which are a part of the organic life of a denomination, one of which is the religious paper.

About 250 people were in Attendance at the Sunday morning service conducted by the Rev. William Rader in the Central Theatre in San Francisco last Sunday. Mr. Rader preached a good gospel sermon on the subject of "The Thorn in the Flesh." The text was "My grace is sufficient for thee." It was shown in a graphic manner that there is hope for the world neither in pessimism nor in the doctrine of self-sufficiency; that if the world is saved it will be through the sacrifice and atonement of Christ. In the course of the sermon it was shown how an infirmity can be changed into a great positive power; and that the strong people the world over in all ages are they who have battled with difficulty and sorrow and have come up out of great tribulation. Mr. Rader spoke of the words "By grace are ye saved" as the good old postulate of theology and said "I stand on that." The hymns sung in the service were, "Worshiping the King;" "Glory Begun Below;" and "Crown Him Lord of All." Among the persons in attendance were some from Chicago and New York who were led thither by the reading of Mr. Rader's editorials in the San Francisco Bulletin. Many faces long familiar in the congregations of the Third Congregational Church, where Mr. Rader was pastor for ten years, were to be seen. The preacher's power to command and hold the attention of an audience was very manifest, the canvas-covering of the theater as it swayed by the wind making considerable clatter. There ought to be place in San Francisco for such a service as is contemplated, and we know of no one better adapted for conducting it than the Rev. William Rader, who, while preaching the gospel, preaches it in a manner suited to present-day thought and conditions.

In a personal letter to the editor of The Pacific, the Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace, who resigned recently the pastorate of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane, to accept a call from the old historical First Church of Toledo, Ohio, says: "I leave the coast a month from now (Sept. 10th). I do this with a sad heart, as I have so many dear friends out here. I have never known nor associated with a nobler or truer lot of men than the Congregational ministers of this coast. I do not believe that more consecrated, broad-minded and brotherly men exist anywhere." It was with great reluctance that the church at Spokane accepted the resignation of Dr. Wallace who had thoroughly endeared himself to the people there. One of the daily papers states that when he presented his resignation nearly the entire congregation was in tears. Dr. Wallace will leave Westminster Church in an excellent condition. During his seven years' pastorate the church has doubled its membership, having now more than 600 members, and has paid a heavy indebtedness. The influence of Dr. Wallace has extended to all parts of the coast and he will be widely missed. Immediately upon his arrival on the coast he saw the worth of The Pacific and has stood heartily and loyally for its maintenance. Unfortunately for the cause of Christ and all Congregational interests which have vital connection with that cause, this is something which some ministers who come from the East are slow to see. The Advance and The Congregationalist are not sufficient for us. No one who is familiar with the situation can for an instant regard it as a debatable question. What we actually need is not such a Pacific as we have, but a better Pacific. That $10,000 fund must be raised, and in addition zeal must not weaken until there is such an endowment as will put the paper where all our coast Congregational interests demand that it should be.

OPENING DAY AT PACIFIC SEMINARY.

Tuesday of this week was opening day for the year at Pacific Theological Seminary. The chapel was filled to overflowing by the students and friends of the institution at the services which were held in the forenoon. Professor Nash gave an address on the subject, "At the Feet of Gamaliel," in which he sketched the changes which have been going on and are still going on in theological education, saying in that connection: "What is transpiring today may justly be called a new movement in theological education, so radical and extensive are the changes now in process." These were considered under: Freedom and Progress; Specialized Adaptation; Cooperation for Effective Training." In consideration of the first it was shown that "it is inconsiderately charged that the ministry and the divinity schools are in bondage." In the course of his address Prof. Nash said: "Theological education today must produce a fourfold minister: a theological thinker, a preacher, a teacher of religion and morals and a sound leader and administrator. Every minister is expected to be all of these; it is hard for him to get excused at any point." And further: "Theological schools must turn out the manliest men their students have it in them to be. This manly man must be a spiritualized personality. He must know God and live deeply in him; for his work, however much it be to conduct a socio,industrial enterprise, to attend upon striving and suffering humanity, to instruct in religion and morals, to discuss theological thought, to preach the highest facts of truth,—his work in all these ways, is to persuade men to live in view of God and in a sense of filial love. And still further, this manly fourfold and spiritualized minister must be effectively adjusted to his fellow-men, geared to his age."

The seminary opens with an increased attendance Largely the work which was done by Professor Laughlin of the department of New Testament Literature and Exegesis, who resigned recently, will be done for a time by the Rev. Dr. Van Kirk, dean of the school of theology of the Disciples of Christ. Dr. Van Kirk is a Yale graduate and has commended himself very highly to the faculty and students of Pacific Seminary in the cooperative work on the part of the different theological seminaries in Berkeley. We recall now the beautiful tribute paid by him to President McLean, as a leader among them all, and to the influence of Congregationalism in general, at the annual alumni meeting in April, our full report of which was burned in the great fire of the 18th of that month.

Evidently the theological seminaries of Berkeley dwell together and work together in love.

CHURCH NEWS.

North Berkeley.—The kindergarten which was so successfully carried on in the church last year and the early part of this year has opened up again with an attendance of 30 children. It is now a regular department of the church.

San Francisco.—The First and Plymouth churches report for last Sunday morning the best service in every respect yet held jointly. Work on the clearing up of the First Church lot has been finished at a cost of $1,500. Deacon Hays by his superintendency saved the church about $5,000. The floor joice on the new temporary building will be laid this week.

Los Angeles.—Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor emeritus of the First Church, has returned to his work after a vacation partly in Avalon, Catalina Island, partly at Mt. Hermon, with a hasty survey of San Francisco. He will be on the ground during the absence of Dr. Horace Day, pastor, who takes an ocean voyage to Japan, China and Honolulu. Sunday August the 5th twenty-three persons were received into membership.

Pasadena.—On the last Sunday of July the Rev. H. T. Staats closed a pastorate of eighteen years with the North Pasadena Congregational Church. The services that Sunday morning were largely attended, several persons who were formerly members here coming from other places to hear the last sermon by the beloved pastor. This is the longest Congregational pastorate known in Southern California. A recent delightful social affair was held at Hotel La Pintoresca by the Ladies Aid Society on which occasion Mr. and Mrs. Staats were the recipients of some beautiful gifts in token of the appreciation in which they are held.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BREEZE.

Dear Pacific: I don't know as you'd specially care to hear from me, for a woman's letters are pretty sure to be too long, with all the important part put into the postscript, but I've been a-readin' Mr. Burr's little note—wasn't it cute?—about The Congregationalist and The Advance bein' first rate fellows, but how The Pacific was a member of our own family like, and I thought it was about time I was a-writin' to the little nephew that earthquake and fire couldn't scare out.

We're all well at this writin', and there ain't much news, for most everybody's gone visitin' for the summer; so not to make this letter too long, I'll say goodby, with love to everybody.

Aunt Prue.

P. S. I went down to that Los Angeles District Annual Meetin' of the W. H. M. U. and the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P. They say youngsters don't have to learn their A. B. C's now-a-days, but don't you believe it. Why, just think of the A. B. C. F. M. and the C. H. M. S. and the C. C B S and the C. S. S. and P. S. and all the rest of 'em that the poor little things have to learn before they can be good intelligent, well-informed Congregationalists!

Well, that meetin' was as good a one as I was ever at. Echo Park's a lovely place for such a meetin', so quiet and shady like with the water a-glimmerin' all around and the birds a-twitterin' in the trees. You know what a good meetin' the W. H. M. U's had in the morning. Mrs. S. G. Lamb's the Los Angeles District Vice-president, and she always gets up something good, but this time it was a little the best. Somebody wrote to you about it a week or two ago. I'd a-wrote too if I hadn't been afraid you wouldn't have room just yet. I always was just a little bashful. But when I saw you was a-going to be a sixteen-pager again, I says to myself, "There's my chance to tell about that Southern Branch meetin' in the afternoon, anyhow."

Mrs. E. B. Allen of Pasadena had charge of the session, and Mrs. W. H. Dwight of Pasadena, led the devotional part. As all those women sang and prayed out there under the palmtrees, I couldn't help thinkin' how that was just the kind of a place the Savior always loved to be in,—a place where there was grass and flowers and birds all around, with the blue sky above.

Mrs. Hughes, the treasurer of the Southern Branch, passed little cards around to everybody, and told us it was the Plan of Work, and then she talked awhile about what the Congregational women of Southern California are aimin' to do this year in the foreign field.

I was proud of bein' one of them women. Why just think, little Pacific, they're raising $4,000 this year for foreign missions, and there can't be more'n 1400 of 'em in all to do it. And you know ther's a lot of 'em that don't hold the strings to the pocket book either, so they'll have to feed up the hens extry well to get it all together. But they'll do it somehow.

After the treasurer got through, the foreign secretary talked. Her name's Mrs. Helen Renwick, and she lives where so many of the good missionary women live—at Claremont. She read us a letter from a little Armenian school girl who had heard about the earthquake and had written to Mrs. Renwick to say how sorry she was about it and how she hoped it hadn't trouble Mrs. Renwick **very** much. You could see that happy little orphan girl, safe in a Christian school, and be glad we had a little share in it all.

Next, Mrs. C. W. Coman of Pasadena talked about how to make a missionary meetin' interesting, —no, **vital**, she called it. She told the most nice things to do to help a meetin'. I've forgotten some of 'em, but there's some I'm goin' to try to get our Society to try when fall comes on.

She said if you'd make little maps for each one of your young women, andtie pencils to 'em—she meant the maps, not the women, but I'd say both, at least till pockets come in fashion again—and then let the women mark down the places and the missionaries that were mentioned on the program, they'd learn a lot, and remember it, too.

Then she said of you'd get each one in your Society to choose a foreign correspondent among the missionaries and write to her once or twice a year, and send her a fashion plate or something once in awhile it would help the one who wrote, and give the one who got the letter something to look forward to —though I'm afraid **my** correspondent. would be lookin' forward most of the time. But I'm a-going to try it.

When Mrs. Coman got through, they had a discussion about her talk. One woman said she'd read the life of John G. Paton and told it to her Sunday-school class of boys, and interested every one ofthem. Another woman said she'd tried the same thing, but the boys had declared the book was as bad as the

yellow novels she had been a-warnin' 'em against, which was maybe hard on John G. P., but a big compliment to the book. After they got through discussing, Mrs. Emma B. Fuessle told about woman's work in China. Mrs. Fuessle is superintendent of the Japanese school in Pasadena, but she used to be a missionary in Hunan, China, where the poor women of the better class don't get any outdoor life at all, and where a woman missionary is like an angel messenger sent to open the door of their prisoned lives.

Well, that's all for this time, little Pacific. I'd like to put in another postcript or two to tell about some other meetin's I've been to lately, but I guess it's time to feed my hens. Eggs is 28 cents just now, and my mite box ain't very heavy yet.

Aunt Prue.

THE MINISTERS' MEETING.

The Rev. H. E. Jewett read at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity a valuable paper on present conditions among the Congregational churches of our land. The conditions, as set forth, are not at all gratifying. Quite widely, it seems, there has been a marked letting up in denominational interest, and there is wide-spread need for heart searching. Mr. Jewett deprecated that surrendering to others which weakened us as a denomination. Nevertheless he gloried in that spirit which had made it possible for Congregationalism to become a leaven of good in so many other denominations.

The discussion which followed showed quite a general disposition to rejoice in that Congregationalism, though with sacrifice to itself, had been able to give so much to other denominations in the religious progress of the centuries. The thought was that we must do all that could be done to make Congregationalism thoroughly and widely effective, throw away no opportunity, and yet go on as in the past, leading on toward that broad Christian cooperation which the world of today plainly demands.

At the meeting next Monday the paper will be by the Rev. W. H. Hopkins.

CALIFORNIA BIBLE SOCIETY

A limited supply of Bibles, Testaments, and Psalms are now on the way. These will be distributed from the "Deaconess Home, 129 Haight St.—where Pastors, Church Relief Committees and others will be supplied from about August 10th.

D. Gilbert Dexter, President.
William Abbott, Secretary.
California Bible Society.

THE PACIFIC COAST CONGRESS REPORT.

The report of the proceedings of the Pacific Coast Congress will not be published, as not enough subscriptions have been received to cover the expenses. The Committee deem it unwise to attempt to raise an additional fund for this purpose.

MARRIED.

At the home of the bride, in San Francisco, Aug. 12th, Edwin Vernon Krick and Sarah Conrad Adams, fourth daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Adams. No cards.

The Home.

GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
Your father tends the sheep;
Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The sky is full of sheep;
The stars the lambs of heaven are,
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep;
The Christ-child owns the sheep,
He is himself the lamb of God,
The world to save, to death he trod;
Sleep, baby, sleep.

THE WORTH OF THOSE WHO "STAY BY."

It is difficult to see how our modern life would go on as well as it does says Charles Dudley Warner, if there were not in our homes a good many such faithful souls. It sometimes seems, in this shifting world, that about the best any of us can do is to prepare some one else for doing well.

There is great satisfaction in being appreciated. No matter how self-satisfied and sufficient unto herself any woman may appear, be she never so rich or lofty, there is sure to come a time of real heart hunger if she is of no particular value to any one else in the world but just herself. We particularly dislike the modern expression, "I have no use for her at all," or "for him," as the case may be. It seems as though we ought to have some use for every one with whom we come in contact, if only to wish them well. And how infinitely better is the other expression so often heard, "I should not know how to get along without her!" Very many of these faithful souls are the ones who stand by, and, summer or winter, are sure to be found at their post.

We always advocate occasional change, we believe in it; but when a house matron says, "If I am a great deal happier at home than anywhere else in the world, isn't it the sensible thing to stay there?" there is nothing to be opposed to so simple and conclusive an argument. We recall the case of an intelligent, wide-awake little matron who used to revel in housekeeping duties. She was not the mistress of the house, but was one of those useful, invaluable aids who literally spent her life in preparing some one else for doing something well.

On one occasion the man of the household, dignified, elderly, and not given to over-much speaking, went on a rather extended tour. On reaching home, however, he could not repress his delight at having returned to all the familiar surroundings. He spoke of how he had missed one and another, then exclaimed with genuine enthusiasm and affection, "And, O Melly, how I have wanted to see you!" And it would not indeed have seemed like the same home or the same house had that quiet, unpretending, capable little personage been wanting who made domestic matters glide smoothly along, thinking little of herself, but looking out for every one else. Now, we strongly mistrust that to these patient, faithful souls there

come now and then certain yearnings that are as much a part of a woman's nature as the breath she draws. The very commonplaceness of her duties raises the question whether,after all, she is of very much use in the world. Others could preserve strawberries, make the current jelly and keep the store room well supplied. Some one else could do this, that and the other thing; so, after all, is she so needful in the home?

The great charm and impetus of all work, no matter what it may be, is in doing our best, and doing it for those who appreciate it and in whom we feel an interest. No, my dear house-keeping friend, no one else could fill your place as you fill it, or do things as you do them, because your heart is in the work; you know what this one likes and what that one prefers, and any one who ministers faithfully to the needs of a family is doing far more than appears on the surface. And let me whisper another thing that you may feel very sure is true. Perhaps different members of the household urge your "taking a trip somewhere;" it is said you need a vacation, and that change of scene would do you great good. They are sincere enough in saying these things; and should you make up your mind to go, they would bid you Godspeed and get along the best they could during your absence. But, oh, they are mightily comforted and relieved at your persistent refusal "to think of such a thing!" They would be homesick for you before even your trunk went out of the house, and would count the days of your stay with eagerness. A quiet, uneventful life has in it much for which to be very thankful. More than one "lady of quality" has looked at the busy, contented house-matron, and thought how full of blessedness and peace was her daily experience, no turmoil touching it from the great jostling world of fashion, jealousy and unrest.

It is small wonder that an observing, thoughtful writer finds it difficult to see how our modern life could go on as well as it does, were it not for the redeeming fidelity of these good women who stay right in their place, and attend to the wants of those who, perhaps, higher up in the social scale, are yet very dependent on their presence and exertions in the home that they help to make the desirable place that it is. A few ladies were discussing their different occupations recently, when one of the brightest and most intelligent of them all said, "Well(my profession is the very prosaic one of housekeeping and housetender, and all pertaining to the requirements of a family; that absorbs most of my time at present." And a lady with sadder eyes was quick to reply: "The most blessed and desirable occupation that a woman can possibly have." And remember that it is not only the mother herself, but the one who helps her, that makes home in many an instance the dearest spot on earth.—Christian Work.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

Of all the forms of worship none, it seems to us, is more beautiful than that which we see around the family altar. As a means of grace it occupies a distinct place of its own. The all-important "quiet hour," when the soul alone in the presence of its God, seeks the divine blessing and communes as friend with friend, cannot take ts place. The hour of public worship, when we meet at the house of God for prayer and praise, cannot take its place, for it stands alone.

It matters not so much at what hour we meet for family prayer, but the morning hours are best. Surely the ideal hour is immediately after the morning meal, when the whole family, including the servants, if there are any, retire to the library, parlor, or living-room, and after reading a morning lesson from the Word, kneel in prayer, asking the Father's blessing on the new day. The benediction which will rest on each member of that household as he goes out into the world to fight the battles of life cannot be overestimated.

We wish we might say to every young husband and wife who are beginning life in a new home of their own, "Do not fail to erect the family altar." We had the pleasure recently of being in a home as a guest where, morning and evening, the young husband and wife knelt at an altar of prayer. It was truly beautiful, and in speaking to them of the wisdom of their course, the husband said: "It seems a little time to give to God in return for what He has given to us." Of course there are times in our lives when it is impossible to observe this daily practice; but let each family do the very best it can, and often difficulties disappear faster than we imagine they could. We may not be able to choose the morning hour, and each family should observe the hour in whatever manner it chooses—there are no set forms —but family worship must be a scene which angels delight to see.—American Friend.

THE HOMING INSTINCT.

"Why are you content?" an officer asked an Omaha chief. "Pain and old age are not good things." The aged chief was silent, and then said:

"The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that very same nest. How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And he has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long, up to his home. I am coming near mine. Shall I not be glad?"—The Youth's Companion.

The door key hung outside a house in Sweden is a sign that the family are not at home. The custom is more courteous to callers than the American practice of allowing the visitor to "find out by ascertaining" through futile bell-ringing or button-punching; but it requires a greater confidence in your fellow-man, justifiable perhaps in Sweden.

Outside things do not make life. One may have home, friends, wealth, beauty, and be nothing but a spoiled, fretful, restless failure after all. Another may be poor, plain, and lonely, and yet come into a deserved kingdom of peace and love and usefulness and honor as the years go on. Nothing can make us happy or good until our inner self learns how to be good and happy.

Obstacles ought to set us singing. The wind finds voice not when rushing across the open sea but when hindered by the outstretched arms of the pine trees or broken by the fine strings of an Aeolian harp. Then it has songs of power and beauty. Set your freed soul sweeping across the obstacles of life, through grim forests of pain, against even the tiny hindrances and frets that love uses, and it too will find its singing voice.

The Quiet Hour.

GROWTH.

The living stream must flow and flow,
And never rest, and never wait,
But from its bosom, soon or late,
Cast the dead corpse. Time even so.

Runs on and on, and may not rest,
But from its bosom casts away
The cold, dead forms of yesterday—
One best, may not be always best.

That which was but the dream of youth,
Begot of wildest fantasy,
To our old age, perhaps, may be
A good and great and gracious truth.

That which was true in times gone by,
As seen by narrow, ignorant sight,
May in the longer, clearer light
Of wiser times, become a lie.

I hold this truth—whoever wins
Man's highest stature here below,
Must grow, and never cease to grow—
For when growth ceases, death begins.

—Alice Cary.

MADELINE'S MESSAGE.

It would not have seemed so terrible, Madeline's friends told each other, if only Madeline had not from a child so exulted in the mere joy of motion. But to think of Madeline—**Madeline**—robbed in one cruel moment of all that eager, abounding life, and condemned for whatever years were left to her to an invalid's couch and constant suffering!

If, they said to each other, she had died and never known! But she had to know, and very soon. When, broken-hearted, her mother answered her questions, the girl asked to be left alone a while "to think it out." And the mother, knowing that it must be, closed the door and left her alone—in her wilderness.

The struggle lasted days, while the mother waited and suffered with her. In those days Madeline went over and over it all—her happy past, the merry walk from school that windy afternoon, the sudden blow from a falling branch—and then the strange, dark world of imprisonment and pain. She would see no one in those days, not even the old minister who had loved her all her life.

"Tell him I've got to fight it out alone," she said. "He'll understand."

He did understand—they all did. And at last one morning Madeline drew her mother's face down to hers.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "Tell the girls I want them to come—everybody. Tell them they needn't think they can leave me out—I won't be left."

Everybody came eagerly, for Madeline's sake first; and very soon they were coming for their own. Madeline's room to all the "old crowd," and to others, who one by one found their way in, became the place where every one turned instinctively with joy or hope or sorrow. And true to her word, Madeline did not let herself be "left out." She learned every kind of light and pretty work that weak hands could do; she kept up with all the new books, the latest interests, even the fashions. More than one pretty party gown was planned in Madeline's room.

"You may go to parties," she would laugh, "but parties come to me all the time."

In those twelve years that Madeline waited in her prison, she seldom, as the girls said, "talked religion," but soon after she knew what life was to be to her she had had a motto illuminated and hung at the foot of her bed. It was the old command to a people entering a strange land—"Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee."

Madeline's eyes so often rested upon this as she talked that her friends began to notice it. And then they remembered that from the day Madeline's doors had been opened to them no one had ever heard her complain.

But it was not until Madeline had gone that they understood what she had done for them. Rose Kenton began it by telling of the time when she was discouraged over her failure as a nurse.

"Madeline didn't pity me," she said. "She only said, 'Dear, there's always something left. One can always be brave, and—one doesn't have to be brave alone.' And when I thought of her and of her motto, I tell you, girls, I had to brace up. I'd have been ashamed to speak to her again if I hadn't."

Other experiences followed. One knew how George Alvord had gone to Madeline when Edith Marlow broke her engagement with him; another knew of one who had gone in the deep failure of sin, and many there were who had sought her in the loneliness death had made. To all her message had been the same—One can always be brave—and one doesn't have to be brave alone.

So, having fought her fight and strengthened uncounted hearts, Medaline had passed into the light.—Youth's Companion.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

A minister, who preached in a country village in England told his wife that he was going to drive in his buggy into the town on business, and he would be able to buy for her what she needed, but could not get in that small village. She made out a list of things for him to buy in the city. When he reached the town he put his horse and buggy in the stable of the hotel, and went to where the large shops were to execute his wife's commissions. In passing a baker's shop he noticed a large loaf of fresh, brown bread in the window along with cakes and sweetmeats. He was particularly fond of brown bread, so he went into the shop and bought the loaf. But when he came out of the shop it was raining hard, and he opened his umbrella. Then he exclaimed, "How foolish I have been. I cannot carry this great loaf of bread with me to all the other shops, and hold my umbrella up at the same time. What can I do with it?"

Near by was a small cottage, and the thought came to him, "Give the loaf to whoever lives in that little cottage." He opened the gate, and going into the yard saw an old woman filling a kettle at the well. He called out cheerfully, "Good afternoon! I wonder if you will be so kind as to relieve me of this loaf? I am very fond of brown bread, but I find I cannot manage to hold it and the umbrella also, along with all the other parcels I shall have when I get through with my shopping." The old lady took him inside the house, and showed him that she had set her table

for supper, but had nothing in the house to eat or drink except a pinch of tea leaves. She said, with tears in her eyes, "I prayed to God to send me something to eat, and then I lighted the fire, and I was just filling the kettle when you came into my yard and offered me this beautiful loaf of bread. It was the Lord himself who got you to buy a loaf which you could not carry to your home, and then he whispered to you to bring it to me."

There is no need too great or too small to bring to our Father in heaven. But we must be sure that he is our Father in heaven. As many as receive him in their hearts, and believe on his name, to them gives he power to become the sons of God. And then all that belongs to Christ becomes theirs. Happy is that people who can say from the heart. 'The Lord is my strength, and God is my Lord."—The Christian.

When one enters into the common life, resolved to live it in the spirit of Jesus, bringing into all its occupations, even the homeliest, the faithfulness, the thoroughness, the courtesy, the consideration, the gentleness of ideal demeanor, then to him is given, in answer to his gift, the blessing of the wise men, and under his own roof, though the street he lives in be as narrow as that in which the carpenter and his family were lodged, the Lord Christ shall appear daily.—George Hodges.

Let us rise as the sun rose and help to make the world glad. If we could but cultivate the habit of a cheerful welcome to each new day, and rise with a determined purpose to look for good and pursue it with all the vigor of our renewed strength, it would make not only our own but our neighbor's lives far better worth living.—New York Evening Post.

He that negotiates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy should beware
Of lightness in his speech. —Cowper.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
—Shakespeare.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith. —Tennyson.

Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with Spirit can meet,
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. —Tennyson.

Reverence of a superior and kindness to an inferior are as essential to the being and the well-being of a man as is justice and equity to an equal.—Edward Irving.

There may be worship without words. — Longfellow.

He cannot serve the king who seeks only his own crown.

Young People.

"THE FOLDED HANDS."

Long ago in that quaintest of old German cities, Nuremberg, there lived two friends, Franz Knigstein and Albrecht Durer. Both wished to be artists, and both were sent to the studio of a painter to serve their apprenticeship in art. They studied and worked patiently and earnestly, but as time went on it was seen that while one had genius, the other had only talent and a love for art.

One day the two friends planned to make an etching of the Christ, and each bent his best thought and energy to the work. Their task finished, they compared the result of their labors. Albrecht's picture was a masterpiece of beauty and pathos, while that of Franz, though true in drawing and detail, was yet cold and lifeless, and lacking in feeling.

Both men saw the difference, and while they stood in contemplation of the two pictures, Franz folded his hands in resignation and, his heart almost breaking with disappointment and his voice choking, said:

"Albrecht, my friend, the good Lord gave me no such gift as this of yours. Be you artist of Nuremberg and I—I will do some plain, homely work somewhere——"

"Stay, Franz, be still one moment," cried Albrecht, seizing his pencil, and while his companion still waited patently, his hands folded together, Albrecht drew a few lines and showed the sketch to his friend.

"Are those my hands? Why do you draw them?" asked Franz.

"Those hands may never paint a picture, but they can certainly make one," said Albrecht. "I have faith in those hands, my friend. They will go to men's hearts in days to come."

And the prophecy was a true one, for into the world of art has gone the picture of Albrecht Durer's "Folded Hands," the hands of his brother artist, who so bravely surrendered his heart's dearest wish, believing that the Lord in denying him artistic genius had still some other work for him in the great world. The story in its sweet simplicity has appealed to the hearts of men, helping them, while they look at the quaint picture, to a fuller comprehension of the dignity of plain, homely work.

Albrecht Durer was born in 1471, and living as he did at the time when Germany was all astir with the new wave of religious thought which brought about the Reformation, he is believed to have been a deeply interested spectator of the struggles going on and to have held the doctrines of the new creed, though he never openly confessed to a change of belief. He has left us fine portraits of several of the great reformers and some of his paintings indicate the conflict and struggle of the times.

T here is a partrait of Durer painted by himself, which shows him as a fine-looking man, a mantle across his shoulders and with a profusion of long, fair curls, of which he is said to have been very proud, arranged elaborately on each side. The face is brave and kindly and the blue eyes have a deep, spiritual beauty.

There is a portrait of Durer painted by himself, sician and was both rich and beautiful, but if we are to believe all the stories told of this union, their wedded life was not happy, as Agnes Durer is said

to have been a miser and a scold, and to have led her husband a miserable life. Durer, himself, however, is quite silent as to any domestic wretchedness he may have endured, and from the fact that he frequently painted the fair face of his wife and left her by his will carefully provided for, we may presume that the stories told of her are somewhat exaggerated.

The stories and legends which cling about Albrecht Durer, "the father of German painting," as he is called, are many and interesting. Once on visiting the Netherlands he was treated with marked favor by the Emperor Maximilian, and the story goes that Durer was painting so large a subject that he required steps to reach it. The Emperor, who was present, requested to a nobleman to steady the steps for the artist. The nobleman refused this employment on the plea that it was unworthy of his rank, whereupon Maximilian himself stepped forward and held the steps, remarking:

"Sir, understand that I can make Albrecht a noble like and above you, but neither I nor any one else can make an artist like him."

Albrecht Durer's engravings are more widely known perhaps than his paintings, and one of these—"The Bearing of the Cross," in which Christ sinks under His burden—has been made very familiar by the many photographs of it. Another, "The Repose in Egypt" has a naivete and homeliness that appeals to every one. A courtyard and dwelling are represented. The Child Jesus lies in a cradle beside which His mother sits spinning, with a distaff, while Joseph is busy at his carpenter's bench.

When Albrecht Durer died, in his fifty-seventh year, his name had risen to the rank of the master-artists. He was greatly honored and beloved by the people of his own city of Nuremberg and his memory is still cherished there. The house in which he lived still stands, and is one of the interesting sights of that quaint old German town.—S. Stackhouse.

THE MUEZZIN CALL.

According to the Mohammedan religion, prayer must not only be offered five times each day, but it must be in accordance with certain rules and ceremonies. The face must be turned toward Mecca, the birthplace of Mohammed, else the petition is vain. If a man washes his left hand before his right, his prayer is not acceptable, nor does he pray until he has bathed.

It is very impressive to hear the call to prayer sounding from the minarets of the mosques in Mohammedan cities. The **muezzin** ascends to the balcony of the minaret and, putting one hand to his mouth, he calls in a clear, musical voice:

"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet. Come to prayer. Prayer is better than sleep. Come to prayer."

Over the flat-roofed houses and down into the narrow streets passes the invitation, sounded from the hundreds of minarets of Cairo and from the thousands scattered over the Mohammedan world, summoning men and women everywhere to leave their business, their work, their study, and worship God.

The devout Moslem—wherever he is—on the street, in the bazaar, on ship-board—and whatever he may be doing, on hearing the **muezzin** call, instantly stops, spreads his cloak and, kneeling, goes through his forms of devotion. Inquisitive foreigners may stop and stare, but no matter, he will go on just as if there was no one near. When he has finished, he resumes his cloak and goes on with the business in hand.

THE BIRD-LOVER.

Sitting on the grass on the Wooded Island of Jackson Park, Chicago recently with the rays of a scorching sun beating down upon them, 200 women and school-children heard Col. Issac Brown, of New York, tell of the habits and customs of birds. Showers of applause greeted the aged exponent of the simple life as he drew diagrams in the gravel path and imitated the calls or songs of wild birds.

Colonel Brown is eighty-two years old and is sent by Helen Gould to all parts of the country to lecture to the children on birds. For fifty years he has devoted his entire attention to birds and bees and is considered one of the greatest authorities in the world on questions of ornithology.

For weeks at a time Colonel Brown has lived in a field or wood without venturing near shelter, to pursue his study of a certain family or type of bird or insect. When the dragon-fly is hatching in the wheat-field he declares he often sits and watches one of the insects lay and hatch its eggs, which he has figured takes three and three-quarters days.

There is hardly a bird in the forest some of whose language he does not know. He grasps the language of the birds almost as rapidly as the school-child does its A, B, Cs.

Helen Gould at one time was a pupil of his and received so much from his teachings that she decided his knowledge should be put within reach of poor and rich alike in all the larger cities of the continent. Accordingly she made arrangements with him to make a tour of the country, giving lectures in churches, school-houses, and wherever possible.

THE CONTENTED HERD-BOY.

German literature contains many beautiful pieces Here is one:

In a flowery dell, a herd-boy kept his sheep; and because his heart was joyous he sang so loudly that the surrounding hills echoed back his song. One morning the king, who was out on a hunting expedition, spoke to him and said, "Why are you so happy, dear little one?"

"Why shall I not be?" he answered. "Our King is not richer than I."

"Indeed!" said the king; "tell me of your great possessions."

The lad answered: "The sun in the bright blue sky shines as brightly upon me as upon the king. The flowers upon the mountain and the grass in the valley grow and bloom to gladden my sight as well as his. I would not take a hundred thousand thalers for my hands; my eyes are of more value than all the precious stones in the world; I have food and clothing, too. Am I not therefore as rich as the king?"

"You are right," said the king, with a laugh; "but your greatest treasure is a contented heart. Keep it so, and you will always be happy."

No days are darker than those in which we look within alone.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.
Timely Topics from Various Soures.

The United States uses in manufacturing industries practically one-half of the crude India rubber produced in the world, and her people consume more than one-half of the coffee grown.

Dr. Turner, health officer of Bombay, India, has successfully demonstrated the extraordinary efficiency of crude petroleum as a plague disinfectant. It is believed that his experiments have materially advanced the prospects of the extirpation of the plague.

There are seventy-two races in the world, who speak 3,004 different tongues, and there are about 1,000 religions. According to the most careful computation only one person in 100,000 attains the age of 100 years, and six to seven in one hundred the age of sixty. The total population of the earth is estimated at about 1,500,000,000 souls. The number of men and women are very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only thirty-eight years.

Among the interesting phenomena that impress a student of the nineteenth century is the wide-spread tendency toward a revival of neglected and dying languages. Mr. Byron J. Clinch, writing in the Messenger (New York), names no less than nine almost forgotten tongues which since the beginning of the nineteenth century have taken their places, politically and in literature. among the languages of modern Europe. The nine he names are Greek, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Servian, Magyar, Czech, Finnish, Norsk and Flemish. This list does not include Gaelic, which is now experiencing resuscitation in Ireland at the hands of the Gaelic League; nor the Polish, which achieved a political and literary revival in Galicia. The nine languages first named are now used by fifty million people— a fact, remarks Mr. Clinch, which does not suggest much likelihood for the approach of a universal language.

Some articles of remarkable force and interest are found in the August number of the Missionary Review of the World. One is by Dr. C. C. Vinton of Korea, who tells graphically of the great work that is in progress "Today in Korea Missions." It is a new chapter in the Romance and Reality of Modern Missions. Another graphic account is given of "An Experiment in Colonization in Malaysia." Dr. Luering tells how this was done and how it was made successful from every point of view. " A Jungle Trip in Shan-land," by Rev. M. B. Kirkpatrick, describes a unique experience in pioneer work in Farther India. One of the articles of most permenent value is that by Dr. George C. Doolittle on those peculiar people— "The Druzes of Mount Lebanon, Syria." It is illustrated and readable, but scholarly. Articles on China, Arabia, French Protestants, The Mormons, Sicily, and India give a world-wide survey of the field. The news from all parts of the world is also briefly and forcefully given. The Review furnishes abundant material for missionary meetings and addresses, and is also thoroughly attractive and readable.

The editor of The Religious Telescope, of Dayton, Ohio, remarks: "Ex-Secretary Herbert's Memorial Day oration over the graves of the Confederate dead, in Arlington Cemetery, was significant of the spirit in which we are glad to believe that North and South regard the Civil War. So says Leslie's Weekly, and so say we. He holds, as a good Southerner, that the Confederate States had the right to secede, but just as firmly he declares that the war settled the question forever, and he would brand as rebels, present-day secessionists. More and more the people of this reunited country, which no longer knows sectionalism, are coming to acquiesce in the views of such men as Mr. Herbert and Charles Francis Adams, that the patriotism of the South was equal to that of the North—that the soldiers of both, as Mr. Herbert says were 'patriots settling on the field of battle a constitutional question that could be settled in no other way.' The virtue and valor of Cavalier and Puritan are the common boast and heritage of the Englishman of today. So it will be with us. The memory of the men who died for the principles they held dearest belongs to no State or section; it is the property of the nation."

Recent strange stories are told by the correspondents who visited Naples and the Vesuvius district during the eruptions. The people of one village finding a stream of lava flowing in their direction, took out of their church a statue of St. Ann and bore it to the edge of the stream, expecting that by a miracle, the course of the lava would be changed. In another village, the walls of the church were damaged by an earthquake which attended the eruption, the roof fell in from the weight of ashes and stones, but the high altar and the statue of the saint being left intact, the incident was magnified into miraculous proportions. In Naples stands the church of San Gannero, a local saint who is held responsible for keeping Vesuvius in good behavior. The great wooden statue of the saint stands in a niche over the front door. When the eruption became serious, a crowd of Neapolitans, reinforced by refugees from ruined villages, gathered in front of the church and besought the aid of the saint in staying the eruption. As the latter grew worse, the people lost patience, a ladder was secured, men mounted to the niche, beat the image with clubs and finally at the demands of the people, threw it to the pavement beneath where it was kicked, spat upon and rolled in the mud and filth. There it lay for several days, the object of Neapolitan insult, until the volcano subsided into quiet, when the priests of the church, who had remained in seclusion during the outbreak of popular indignation, pointed out to the enraged people that they had been too hasty in their judgment of San Gannero, that so great a saint might be expected to know the proper moment for subduing the fury of a volcano, and that in his good time he had done his duty and calmed the subterranean fires. Upon reflection, this view appeared to the people very reasonable, so San Gannero's image was lifted out of the mud by a group of penitents, was reverently washed and carried into a house adjoining the church when it received a new coat of paint and was restored to its niche, and was given credit for another miracle.

In the bitterness of his soul a few years ago a Mexican editor lamented that the Yankee and his roll-top desk had invaded the City of Mexico. He acutely seized upon the roll-top desk as the emblem or the embodiment of all the atrocious habits of the detestable Yankee. The roll-top desk meant the rail-

road and the telegraph, the telephone and the factory, the pushing of trade, the making of money, the spirit of haste and change and modernization in every direction. Where the roll-top desk intruded the good old times disappeared, and no such word as "manana" exists in any telegraph code. The American commercial invasion of Mexico has been proceeding rapidly during the last ten years. Two or three years ago it was computed that more than $500,000,000 of American capital was invested in the Republic south of us. Two of the most northern States of the Republic find themselves so far advanced in Americanization that popular feeling toward our people is becoming dangerous. If we want to know what the feeling is we have only to cousult our own enemies of Chinese immigration and more or less avowed enemies of immigration from all quarters. But our immigrants are only laborers, whose influence upon the customs and institutions of the country is exerted slowly. The Americans who go to Mexico are armed with capital, with which they make more sweeping and more rapid changes than an army with banners. From the devastation of war a country speedily recuperates. But the changes effected by capital and commerce are never undone. After they have established themselves they are never dislodged, and the old order is never restored. The Philadelphia Record says: We fear the Mexicans are doomed. Fifty years ago they onlv lost a lot of their territory. Now they are likely to lose themselves. Their habits and institutions will be changed. Their form of government will remain the same, but new forces will operate it. If they join the conquerors they may be richer than now, but they will not be so happy and their country will not be so picturesque, and "manana" will disappear in the crowded and imperative today.

It seems that Bismarck, though dead, is still a man with a future. Every year since his departure there has been a steady increase in his popularity. People who refused to speak to him while he lived now life their hats to his statue. His pictures are displayed in almost as many seemly and unseemly places as those of the kaiser. In fact, Bismarck is synonymous with the national consciousness of Germany today. But his popularity in Germany is not to be compared with his popularity in South America. In Germany he is a hero, in South America he is a god. He receives all the homage of god-fearing devotees, whom, strange to say, he rules with kindness and benevolence. A returned German missionary says that there is in South America an Indian tribe who have adopted him as their tribal deity. The story of Bismarck's divine career is touching and instructive. Some years ago there was a great famine in the land. The wells were dried out, the cattle were languishing for thirst, the squaws' buckets were empty and refused to be filled. The people were hungry and dry and hot and would not be comforted. The chief and his people came together and prayed long and weird prayers. They prayed in all the languages they knew. They burned coffee. They used sacred formulas and pious incantations. They cut their hair, and sprinkled their blood upon the altars of their tribal deities to persuade those gentry to send them rain—rain early, rain late, rain all night and all day long. But in vain. The elements of nature were stronger than the gods or the gods were indifferent to the prayers of their pious devotees. Then one day as the chief was paying a friendly visit to the German headquarters his eyes fell upon a picture cut out from a German illustrated paper. The face of the picture attracted him . There was firmness and benevolence all mingled. Above all, the three hairs on the top of his head struck him with awe. He asked the officer for the picture and received it. Highly elated, he called his people together, and with great pomp they carried it to the temple. Lo! after it had been placed at the altar and prayers had been offered, there came a rain, a sweet, refreshing rain, watering the parched earth, quenchnig the thirst of man and beast and filling the squaw's bucket to the full. The picture was of Bismarck. And since that day Bismarck's reputation as a deity has been unassailable in the land of the South American tribe.

The increasing cost of the rural free delivery is occasioning serious-minded students of our postal budget no little uneasiness, says the Boston Transcript. Everybody believes in the R. F. D as a civilizing agency; it makes rural regions attractive to more people, which is socially desirable, and with the rural telephone it brings those who live there into much closer and pleasanter touch with the world's varied interests. As an educational force rural delivery is worth all it costs. But it costs a great deal. Many routes have been established along which a small and dwindling population live, not more than half of whom may have availed themselves of the R. F. D. prividege because too penurious to provide a box satisfactory to the Department. Its recent action in removing this restriction was doubtless intended still further to popularize the service, although the additional support to be derived from people who were unwilling to provide themselves an authorized receptacle for their mail can hardly prove a large asset. The "R F. D.." has obtained a place in politics much like the Government's seed distribution. Members of Congress come and demand about so many new routes to distribute in their districts as evidences of efficiency, and a route once started goes on forever. It is only the new ones that make the statesman's reputation. The compensation of rural carriers has been steadily pushed up till now, at $720 a year, it is more than twice the sum upon which the experiments were based. This is a large country, and with high-priced carriers, measured by other standards, our enterprise will prove highly expensive before we get through. But having once started rural delivery, it will be logically necessary to spread it over the entire country, regardless of cost, since it is undemocratic to treat some places better than others. There would then remain a zone between the rural and the urban services which could be served only by "village delivery," another highly expensive undertaking, but one which by the logic of the situation must ultimately be attempted. It would be unfair to say to a community that if the houses were only a little more thickly together, as in the city, or a little more widely scatetred as in the rural districts, it could have house to house delivery, but that there was no provision for the intermediate condition. Village delivery would probably be more remunerative than the rural enterprise, but by the time Uncle Sam assumes the obligation to see that

each letter and paper gets to the house of its destination the cost will be striking. But the country evidently believes such services are worth all they cost, as agencies of progress.

THE SAXON RELATION TO THE ORIENT.

The address by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, before the American Colony in London, England, on Independence Day, has attracted a great deal of attention. Not many of our readers have seen more than a few extracts from it. We accordingly give it here in part.

Mr. Bryan begins his address by quoting a stanza from Kipling's famous poem, "The White Man's Burden," and continued:

"The stanza embodies the thought which is uppermost in my mind tonight. No one can travel among the dark-skinned races of the Orient without feeling that the white man occupies an especially favored position among the children of men, and the recognition of this fact is accompanied by the conviction that there is a duty nseparably connected with the advantages enjoyed. There is a white man's burden—a burden which the white man should not shirk, even if he could; a burden which he could not shirk even if he would. That no one liveth unto himself or dieth unto himself has a national as well as an individual application. Our destinies are so interwoven that each exerts an influence directly or indirectly upon all others.

"Without disparaging other modern languages it may be said with truth that whether one travels abroad or studies at home there is no other language so useful at the present time as that which we employ at this banquet board, and the nation which is instrumental in spreading this language confers an inestimable boon, even though the conferring of it be not included in its general purpose. England has rendered this service to the people of India and the United States is rendering the same service to the people of the Philippines, while both England and the United States have been helpful to Japan and China in this way.

The Nation's Duty.

"I take it for granted that our duty to the so-called inferior races is not discharged by merely feeding them in times of famine or by contributing to their temporary support when some other calamity overtakes them. A much greater assistance is rendered them when they are led to a more elevated plane of thought and activity by ideals which stimulate them to self-development. The improvement of the people themselves should be the paramount object in all intercourse with the Orient.

"Among the blessings which Christian nations are at this time able—and in duty bound—to carry to the rest of the world I may mention five—education, knowledge of the science of Government, arbitration as a substitute for war, appreciation of the dignity of labor and a high conception of life.

Education First.

"Education comes first, and in nothing have the United States and England been more clearly helpful than in the advocacy of universal education. If the designs of God are disclosed by His handiwork, then the creation of the human mind is indubitable proof that the Almghty never intended that learning should be mopolized by a few, and he arrays himself against the plans of Jehovah who would deny intellectual training to any part of the human race It is a false civilization, not a true, one, that countenances the permenent separation of society into two distinct classes, the one encouraged to improve the mind and the other condemned to hopeless ignorance. Equally false is that conception of international politics which would make the prosperity of one nation depend upon the exploitation of another.

No one questions that Japanese influence has been a beneficent one since she has emerged from illiteracy, and endowed her people with public schools, open to all her boys and girls. The transition from a position of obscurity into a world power was scarcely more rapid than her transition from a menace into an ally. China is entering upon a similar experience, and I am confident that her era of reform will make her, not a yellow peril, but a powerful co-laborer in the international vineyard. In India, in the Phillipines, in Egypt and even in Turkey statistics show a gradual extension of education, and I trust I will be pardoned if I say that neither the armies, nor the navies, nor yet the commerce of our nations have given us so just a claim to the gratitude of the people of Asia as have our school teachers, sent, many of them, by private rather than public funds.

The Language of Freedom..

"The English language has become the vehicle for the conveyance of government truth even more than for the spread of general information, for, beginning with Magna Charta and continuing through the era of the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence down to the present, no language has been so much employed for the propogation of that theory of government which traces governmental authority to the consent of the governed. Our own nation presents the most illustrious example known to history of a great population working out its destiny through laws of its own making and under officials of its own choosing, although, I may add, we scarcely go beyond England in recognizing the omnipotence of a parliament fresh from the people. It is difficult to overestimate the potency of this conception of government upon the progress of a nation, and in turning the thought of the world away from despotism to the possibilities of self-government which the pioneers of freedom made possible in Western civilization.

"An idea will sometimes revolutionize an individual, a community, a state, a nation or even a world, and the idea that man possesses inalienable rights which the state did not give and which the state, though it can deny, cannot take away, has made millions of human beings stand erect and claim their God-given inheritance. While the era of constitutional liberty is ever widening, while the tyranny and insolence of arbitrary power are every year decreasing, the leaders of the world's thought, not only the English-speaking nations, but the other Christian nations as well, have yet much to do in teaching reverence for the will of the majority and respect for the public servants upon whom the people bestow authority.

Must Lead Peace Movement.

"The Christian nations must lead the movement for the promotion of peace, not only because they are enlisted under the banner of the Prince of Peace, but also because they have attained such a degree of intelligence that they can no longer take pride in a purely physical victory. The belief that moral questions can be settled by the shedding of human blood is a relic of barbarism; to doubt the dynamic power of righteousness is infidelity to truth itself. That nation which is unwilling to trust its cause to the universal conscience or which shrinks from the presentation of its claims before a tribunal where reason holds sway betrays lack of faith in the soundness of its position.

Tribute to Roosevelt.

"Our country has reason to congratulate itself upon the success of President Roosevelt in his hastening peace between Russia and Japan. Through him our nation won a moral victory more glorious than a victory in war. King Edward has also shown himself a promoter of arbitration and a large number of members of Parliament are enlisted in the same work. It means much that the two English-speaking nations are thus arrayed on the side of peace.

"I venture to suggest that the world's peace would be greatly promoted by an agreement among the leading nations that no declaration of war should be made until the submission of the question in controversy to an impartial court for investigation, each nation reserving the right to accept or reject the decision. The preliminary investigation would in almost every instance insure an amicable settlement and the reserved rights would be a sufficient protection against any possible injustice.

Dignity of Labor.

"Let me go a step further and appeal for a clearer recognition of the dignity of labor. When men and women become ashamed of doing nothing and strive to give to sociiety full compensation for all they receive from society there will be harmony between the classes.

"While Europe and America have advanced far beyond the Orient in placing a proper estimate upon those who work, even our nations have not yet fully learned the lesson that employment at some useful vocation is essential to the physical health, intellectual development and moral growth. If America and England are to meet the requirements of their high positions, they must be prepared to present in the lives of their citizens examples, increasing in number, of men and women who find delight in contributing to the welfare of their fellows, and this ought not to be difficult, for every department of human activity has a facination of its own.

Individual Responsibility.

And now we come to the most important need of the Orient—a conception of life which recognizes individual responsibility to God, teaches the brotherhood of man and measures greatness by the service rendered. The first established a rational relation between the creature and his Creator, the second lays the foundation for justice between man and his fellows and the third furnishes an ambition large enough to fill each life with noble effort. No service which we can render to the less-favored nations can compare in value to this service, for if we can but bring people to accept such an ideal they will rival the Occident in their contribution to civilization. If this ideal—which must be accepted as the true one if our religion be true—had been more perfectly illustrated in the lives of Chrilstians and in the conduct of Christian nations, there would now be less of the 'White Man's Burden.'

A Period of Altruism.

"While in America and in Europe there is much to be corrected and abundant room for improvement, there has never been so much altruism in the world as there is today—never so many who acknowledge the indissoluable tie that binds each to every other member of the race. I have felt more pride in my own countrymen than ever before as I have visited the circuit of schools, hospitals and churches which American money has built around the world. The example of the Christian nations, though but feebly reflecting the light of the Master, is gradually reforming society.

"Society has passed through a period of aggrandizement, the nations taking what they had the strength to take and holding what they had the power to hold. But we are already entering a second era —an era in which the nations discuss not merely what they can do, but what they should do, considering justice to be more important than physicai prowess. In tribunals like that of The Hague the chosen representatives of the nations weigh questions of right and wrong, and give a small nation an equal hearing with a great and a decree according to conscience.

"But even now are signs of the approach of this third era, not so much in the actions of the government as in the growing tendency of men and women in many lands to contribute their means—in some cases their lives—to the intllectual, moral awakening of those who sit n darkness. Nowhere are these signs more abundant than in our own beloved land."

While spending a few hours in a Michigan city recently, says a writer in an Eastern paper, I noticed this sign on an iron trolley pole: "Don't hitch here; it is dangerous." Curiously enough, the pole stood in front of a saloon. The sign surely served a double purpose. It is just as dangerous to hitch to a saloon as to an iron trolley pole— and a good deal more so. Young man, don't hitch to the saloon; it's dangerous!

What do you suppose angels that have trembled and quivered with ecstatic joy in the presence of God think when they see how indifferent you are to the divine love and goodness in which you are perpetually bathed, and by which you are blessed and sustained every moment of your lives? How can they do otherwise than accuse you of monstrous ingratitude and moral insensibility, which betoken guilt as well as danger?—Beecher.

The most vitally convincing thing about Chrisitanity is this: that it most nearly of all systems ever devised solves the relationship of man to man. "Ye are all brethren."

INFLUENCE OF THE CHURCH IN EDUCATION.

John C. Kilgo.

It is to the credit of the leading Pretestant churches of America that they have always taken a leading interest in the welfare of the nation. And in no other way has this intereset been more faithfully and energetically illustrated than in constant labors to promote all the interests of education. From the founding of Harvard College to this good day, Protestant preachers have been the strong defenders of education, and to them is more largely due the credit of creating in the American people an educational sentiment than is due to any other influence in the nation.

That the churches of the nation are the creators of its best educational faith is abundantly proven by the fact that more than 90 percent of the students in our American colleges come from the homes of church members. This fact is often quoted by the patrons of secular schools to show that the morals of the secular school are secure, however, the main conclusion yielded by the fact is that religion is the chief source of educational influence and educational patronage.

For the churches to disregard the vital importance of education, especially in a republic like ours, would be an apostacy as strange as it would be wicked. The Christian religion is not the champion of ignorance, but the inspired advocate of all efforts that look to the enlargement and perfection of human character. Its ministry is, therefore, committed to the chief task of constant care and labor to advance all helpful knowledge and to oppose all hurrtful knowledge.

Our leading Protestant churches have the best opportunity to serve the interests of learning, having under their direction and instruction millions of people in every region and of every age and class, they are in the best position to awaken a sound and vigorous sentiment in behalf of education. The thousands of Sunday-schools throughout the nation furnish the richest opportunity for inspiring the children and youth of the country with a desire for knowledge, and these schools should become the strong fortresses of education. Yet it may be doubted whether they have been fully appreciative of the responsibility that goes with it.

The following statistics show something of the contributions which churches have made to the nation through their colleges and other educational enterprises: "Eight of the nine justices of the Supreme court of the United States are college men. Seven of the eight were educated in church colleges. Eighteen of the twenty-six presidents of the nation were college bred. Sixteen of the eighteen were from church colleges. Eighteen of twenty-six recognized masters of American liatrature are college men. Seventeen of them were educated in church colleges. And two-thirds of the college graduates in the last Congress were educated in church colleges."

Encouraged by such notable achievements the churches should double their zeal in the work of education, for while they very justly cannot call upon the State for material support of their schools, they are the chief sources of the State's and the Nation's hope. There is no higher patriotic service which the ministry of America can render the nation than quickening in its citizens a deeper love of knowledge.

There are as many ways of doing without money as of spending it.

A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL

By the Board of Directors of The Publishing Company of The Pacific.

In the great catastrophe which came recently upon San Francisco, The Pacific sustained a heavy loss. For years before it had been difficult to maintain the paper, although it has always, during the 56 years of its exisence, been regarded very generally as indispensable to all our Pacific coast Congregational interests.

At the Pacific Coast Congress in Los Angeles in May it was voted unanimously that an effort be made to raise among the churches a fund of $10,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Board of Directors to be used as seemed best to them.

It was voted also that every pastor be urged to present the cause to his people and do all in his power to greatly increase the subscription list.

For the working of this plan the Pacific Coast Congress appointed committees as follows:

Oregon.—E. L. House, C. F. Clapp, G. W. Nelson, Geo. H. Himes, H. N. Smith and E. C. Oakley.

Western Washington—Samuel Greene, E. L. Smith, H. B. Hendley, W. W. Scudder, H. C. Mason and H. P. James.

Northern California.—George C. Adams, W. H. Hopkins, W. T. Patchell, R. C. Brooks and C. R. Brown.

Southern California.—Geo. E. Soper, C. T. Brown, R. B. Larkin, B. F. Boller and A. W. Palmer.

Eastern Washington, Idaho, Nevada and Utah.—Geo. R. Wallace, Austin Rice, J. D. Neilaus, C. L. Mears and J. D. Kingsbury.

We, the Board of Directors, heartily welcome this action and plan.

We believe that The Pacific should have entrance at once into many more homes on the Pacific coast. We believe that the duty is upon Congregationalists on these shores to sustain it so as to make it perpetually a great power for good. The churches must have the paper and the churches must sustain it.

To this end we believe that it is necessary also that this fund of $10,000 be raised speedily. A crisis is upon us.

Accordingly, we issue this statement and appeal.

We desire to co-operate with the Pacific Coast Congress committees, to do all in our power to bring the plan to a successful issue.

We urge upon every one to whom this circular shall come prompt action. Lay the matter before the church, get every new name that possibly can be gotten for the subscription list. Get every dollar possible for the fund. It will be sacredly used.

To the individual member. our word is: The Pacific needs you and you need The Pacific. We are at a turning point for Congregationalism on the Pacific coast. The call is upon us to meet the crisis of the hour and to lay well the foundations for the future.

Let there be a rallying all along the coast to the support of our church paper—a blessing to every home into which it enters! An agency without which Pacific coast Congregationalism cannot properly do the work it is called to do!

The Pacific has always had its generous friends and supporters. Men who have aided it largely during recent years lost heavily in the great calamity of the 18th of April. And the time, for this and other reasons, has come now when it must appeal to all.

Moreover, a forward movement is demanded. What we need is The Pacific in every Congregational home on the coast. This brings every member of a Congregational church on the coast face to face with a duty and an opportunity.

What we need further is such a fund as will put the paper on such a foundation that it can in a proper manner minister to every coast interest. This is a call to every one who can do more than make an annual subscription, to contribute something to the fund.

Remember, that a contribution to The Pacific is a contribution to that which has done and is doing much to bind together and make effectual our Coast Congregationalism.

W. M. SEARBY,
WALTER FREAR,
J. L. BARKER,
GEO. H. COLLINS,
G. W. SCOTT,
D. GILBERT DEXTER,
Directors.

It wasn't a Missouri editor, but a printer's devil, who was going through his first experience of making up forms. The paper was late and the boy got the galleys mixed. The last part of the obituary notice had been dumped in the forms, and the next handful of type came off a galley describing a recent fire. It read like this: "The pall-bearers lowered the body to the grave and as it was consigned to the flames, there was few if any regrets, for the old wreck had been an eyesore to the town for years. Of course there was individual loss, but that was fully covered by insurance." The widow thinks the editor wrote the obituary that way because the lamented partner of her joys and sorrows owed on subscription.—Ex.

"Pat" is sexton of a Buffalo church, and before holding his present position he was a street-car conductor. His sallies of wit are discussed and keenly enjoyed by the congregation.

"Pat" presented the collection box to a "pillar of the church" one evening, and, in fishing out some change from his vest-pocket, where he had slipped it for convenience, the man brought to light two cigars. "Pat" leaned over him, and in the most solemn of tones said: "Smokin' in the three rear seats only."—Lippincott's Magazine.

An English daily had the following advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Christian Register.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the motor car was coming down on the right side and the dog cart was trying to pass the motor car, you saw the plaintiff between the carriage and the dog cart, or the motor car and the dog cart, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the carriage, dog cart and motor car, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively, or how it was."

An Easterner was prospecting in the North Georgia mountains, when he came on a native apparently clinging to the side of a steep hill tilling corn.

The prospector stopped for a chat, and the mountaineer, nothing loath for a rest in the shade from his fatiguing toil, was agreeable.

"Say, friend, how in the world do you get the corn down off that hillside after it is ready for harvest?" asked the stranger.

"In jugs," was the laconic and probably truthful reply.

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